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Robin Hood



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**All
New
Stories**



Robin Hood

ONE OF THE GREAT CLASSICAL ADVENTURERS OF ALL TIME IS THE MAN WE KNOW AS **ROBIN HOOD**. A NOBLEMAN IN DISGUISE, HE SERVES KING AND COUNTRY AS HE BATTLES AGAINST THE EVIL **PRINCE JOHN, THE USURPER**, AND HIS HENCHMAN, **ROBERT MURDACH OF NOTTINGHAM**!...WHILE THE LAWFUL **KING RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED** IS ON THE CRUSADES, **ROBIN HOOD** MEETS A CHALLENGE THAT BEGINS ON A ROYAL GAME PRESERVE WHERE HE IS DESTINED TO ENCOUNTER —

The Prince and the Poacher



WE HAVE TRAPPED **ROBIN HOOD** AT LAST!

SIR GUI WILL REWARD US WELL! CAPTURE HIM!

SHERWOOD FOREST ECHOES TO THE SOUND OF CRACKING TWIGS BREAKING UNDER POUNDING FEET —

THEY'RE CLOSE BEHIND ME! AND NOW I HEAR THE HOUNDS! THEY'LL SURELY CATCH ME!



THE DEEP BAYING OF THE GREAT DOGS FILLS ALL WHO HEAR WITH DESPAIR —

AFTER HIM, PEPIN! TRACK HIM DOWN, OLIVER!



THE CHASE IS SOON ENDED!

I YIELD!
I YIELD!

THE MAN, WHO GIVES HIS NAME AS DICKON—IS LED INTO NOTTINGHAM TOWN WHERE EVIL **ROBERT MURDACH** RULES IN THE NAME OF PRINCE JOHN THE USURPER....

IN A TOWER ROOM OF THE TOWN CITADEL, **PRINCE JOHN**, YOUNGER BROTHER OF THE TRUE KING, LISTENS TO HIS HENCHMAN—

SIGN YOUR NAME, SIRE—
AND THE POACHER DIES!

A LUCKY DAY FOR ME! SEE THAT THIS MAN DICKON MEETS HIS JUST DESERTS! THERE MUST BE NO SLIP-UP!

NEXT MORNING THE POACHER IS LED THROUGH THE CROWDED STREETS—

AHEAD OF HIM TOWERS A GREAT GALLOWS....

AS THE CHIEF HIGH EXECUTIONER LIFTS THE ROPE—!

A RESCUE!
A RESCUE!



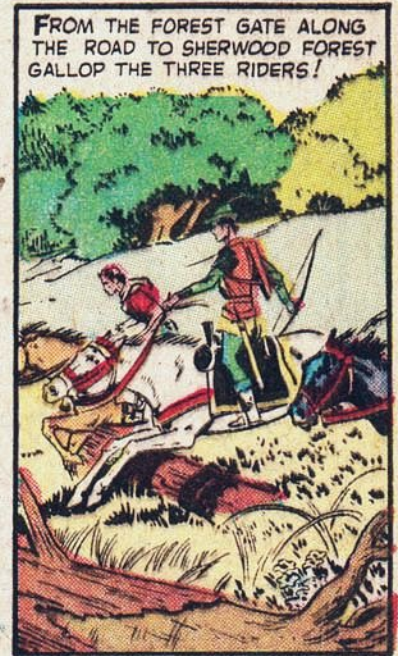
I'M COMING!

RIDE,
LITTLE JOHN!
RIDE!



WAY FOR THE RESCUERS
OF AN
HONEST MAN!

MAKE
WAY!



FROM THE FOREST GATE ALONG
THE ROAD TO SHERWOOD FOREST
GALLOP THE THREE RIDERS!



UNTIL THEY COME TO A
STRAINING STOP BEFORE
A SERIES OF GREAT CAVES

HO,
ROBIN!



YOU MUST BE
ROBIN HOOD,
THE MAN PRINCE
JOHN THE USURPER,
FEARS!

AYE—
AND MEN
NAME
YOU
DICKON.
BUT I
THINK HE FEARS
YOU FAR MORE!



I'VE HEARD
YOU SPOKEN
OF AS A
KNAVE. YET
I FIND YOU
DOING GOOD
DEEDS!

IT'S A
STRANGE
STORY. WHILE
WE AWAIT THE
VENISON STEAKS
FOR SUPPER, I'LL
TELL IT TO YOU.
IT BEGINS SOME
YEARS AGO IN THE
HOLY LAND—



IN REALITY, I AM **LORD
ROBERT, EARL OF HUNTING-
DON**. I WAS ON THE CRUSADE,
TO THE HOLY LAND WITH OUR
RIGHTFUL KING, RICHARD
THE LION-HEARTED....
HE SUMMONED ME ONE
EVENING, TO SPEAK WITH
HIM IN THE ROYAL TENT....

The Gathering of the Merry Men

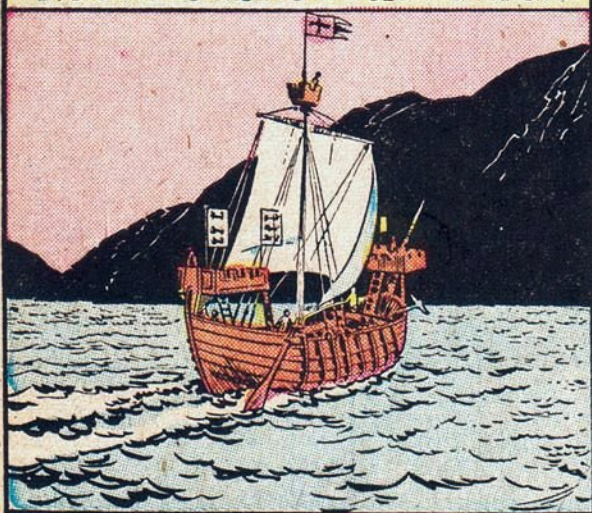
SIR ROBERT OF HUNTINGDON, I NEED A STRONG MAN TO SEND BACK TO ENGLAND, TO GUARD MY INTERESTS AND PROTECT THE WELFARE OF MY PEOPLE!

LET ME BE THAT MAN, SIRE!

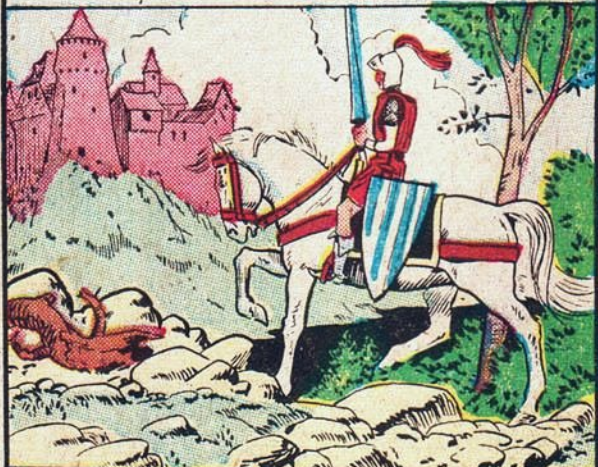
MY BROTHER JOHN USURPS MY THRONE WHILE I FIGHT IN THE CRUSADES! HE AND HIS NORMAN NOBLES PREY ON MY FAITHFUL NORMANS AND SAXONS ALIKE SOMEONE MUST RETURN AND FIGHT HIM IN MY NAME! YOU WILL BE THAT CHAMPION!



"I RETURNED TO ENGLAND IN A SLOW CARRACK—"



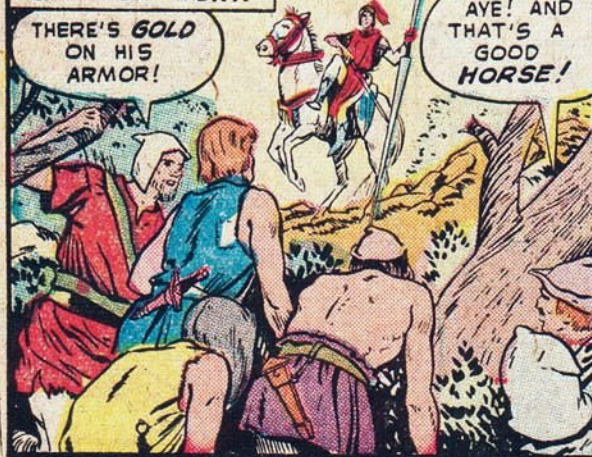
"IN ENGLAND, MY ESTATES OF HUNTINGDON WERE CONFISCATED, GIVEN BY THE USURPER TO A FAVORITE, SIR GUI OF GORLEY..."



"AS I RODE DISCONSOLATELY INTO DARK SHERWOOD FOREST, A BAND OF RAGGED MEN SET UPON ME..."

THERE'S GOLD ON HIS ARMOR!

AYE! AND THAT'S A GOOD HORSE!



BACK, YOU FOOLS! DON'T ANY OF YOU FOOLS RECOGNIZE ME?



THEIR LEADER I STRETCHED OUT AT MY FEET
WITH THE FLAT OF MY BLADE—

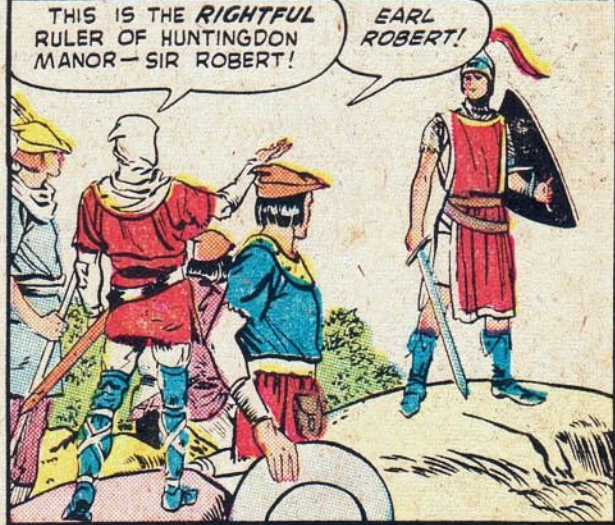
MY LIEGE! I
DID NOT KNOW
YOU!

BACK,
YOU OTHERS
—GET BACK!



THIS IS THE **RIGHTFUL**
RULER OF HUNTINGDON
MANOR—SIR ROBERT!

EARL
ROBERT!



"AYE! THESE WERE MY OWN
RETAINERS—DRIVEN FROM THEIR
HOMES BY SIR GUI! AND HE
WAS ONLY ONE OF THE ROBBER
BARONS WHO SERVED PRINCE JOHN."

TO RIGHT
SUCH WRONGS
IS WHY KING
RICHARD SENT
ME TO
ENGLAND!



SWEAR YOU WILL
LIVE AS HONEST
MEN, SERVING
KING AND COUNTRY
AGAINST THE
USURPING JOHN!

WE
SWEAR!



"FROM THAT MOMENT ON, WE
WERE DEDICATED MEN, SWORN TO
BRING JUSTICE BACK TO MERRY
ENGLAND. AND AS WE SUCCEEDED,
WE WERE HUNTED DOWN...."

FIND AND DO
AWAY WITH THIS
BAND OF KNAVES
AND THEIR LEADER—
THIS IMPUDENT
SCALAWAG,
ROBIN HOOD!



"ONE BY ONE, MALTREATED MEN CAME TO US FOR
SHELTER...."

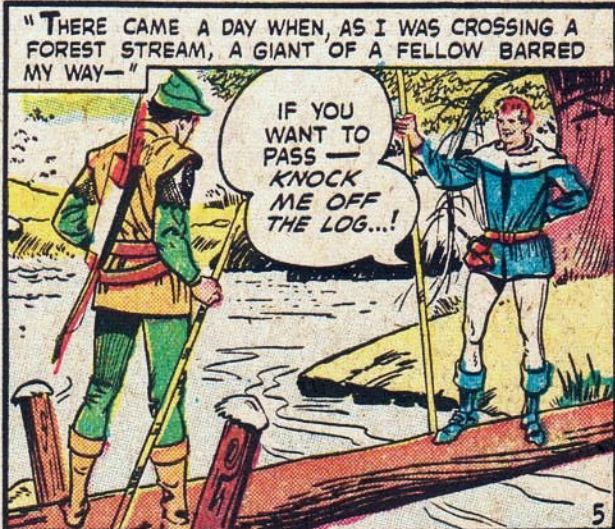
SIR GUI
STOLE MY
FARM!

—AND MY
BLACKSMITH
FORGE!
WE
WANT TO HELP
PREVENT SUCH
WRONGS BY JOINING
YOU!

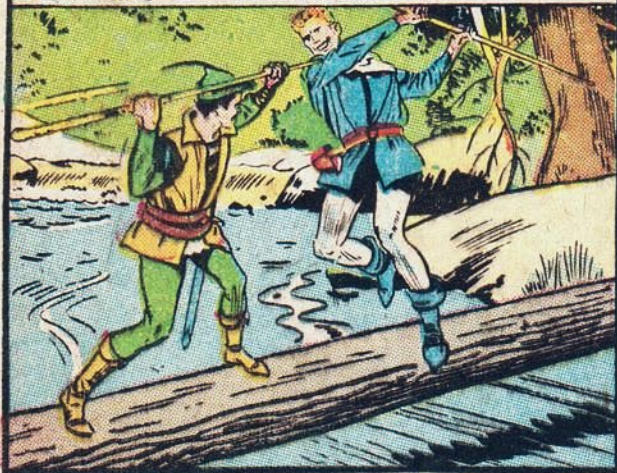


"THERE CAME A DAY WHEN, AS I WAS CROSSING A
FOREST STREAM, A GIANT OF A FELLOW BARRED
MY WAY—"

IF YOU
WANT TO
PASS —
KNOCK
ME OFF
THE LOG...!



"SOON THE GREENWOOD RESOUNDED TO THE CLACKING QUARTERSTAVES...."



"THEN MY FOOT SLIPPED AND AS I STUMBLED, LITTLE JOHN'S QUARTERSTAFF AIDED ME INTO THE STREAM!"



IF THIS ROBIN HOOD I MEAN TO JOIN BE HALF SO GOOD AS YOU, HE'LL BE A GOOD LEADER!

I AM ROBIN HOOD AND WELCOME TO THE MERRY MEN!



LITTLE JOHN AND I BECAME GREAT FRIENDS. ONE NIGHT....

SIR GUI ATTACKS THE TOWN OF SHERWOOD TO ROB THE HONEST MERCHANTS OF THEIR FUNDS!

THEN WE MUST PREVENT IT!



"FROM THE EDGE OF TOWN OUR ARCHERS SENT THEIR SHAFTS. SOON WE FLUSHED SIR GUI'S ROBBERS FROM THE HOUSES!"



"AS A REWARD FOR A GOOD DEED, WE DISCOVERED WE'D ALSO RESCUED THE LADY MARIAN—"



I'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT—I'LL JOIN YOU AND YOUR MERRY MEN!

WELCOME TO OUR BAND, MAID MARIAN!



"BY HAPPENSTANCE ONE MORNING, I STUMBLED ON A FRIAR, AND CAJOLED HIM INTO CARRYING ME ACROSS A POOL —"



"AND NOW, SIRRAH, SINCE I HOLD BOTH YOUR SWORD AS WELL AS MY OWN, YOU'LL CARRY *ME* PIGGYBACK TO THE OTHER SIDE!"



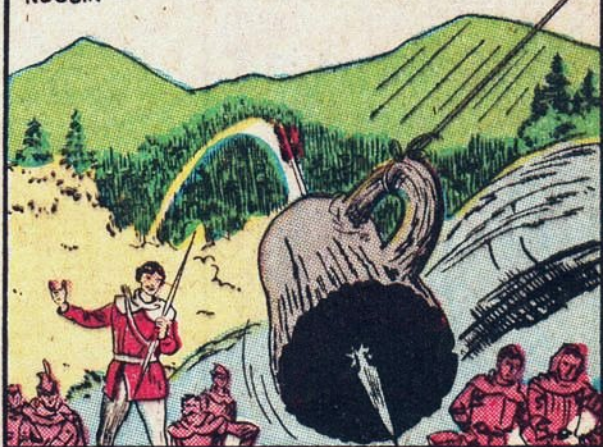
"ONE CROSSING LED TO ANOTHER UNTIL I LOOSEMED HIS SWORD-BELT AND HELD A BLADE IN MY OWN HAND. THEN, FOR THE EXERCISE WE FELL TO WITH A WILL!"



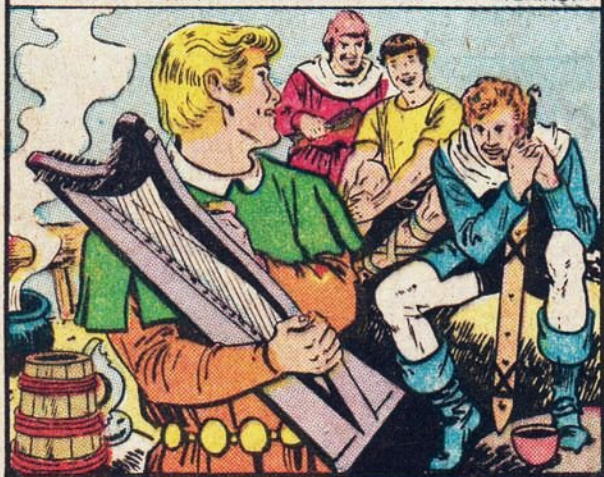
"WE ENDED OUR BOUT IN A SONG, AND AT MY URGING, **FRIAR TUCK** UNITED HIS FORTUNES WITH OURS. ONE DAY I CAME UPON **WILL SCARLET**—MEETING HIM WITH BROADSTAVES, TOO!"



"OTHERS JOINED US—**MIDGE, THE MILLER'S SON**, WHO CAN FEATHER A SHAFT IN A WHIRLING NOGGIN —"



"THERE IS ALSO **ALAN-A-DALE**, WHOSE HARP KEEP THE MERRY MEN ENTERTAINED OF AN EVENING..."



"AYE, AND OTHERS COME DAILY, SO THAT WE MAKE A STRONG FIGHTING LOYAL TO KING RICHARD, DEFYING THE EVIL USURPER AND THE ROBBER BARONS WHO SERVE HIM...."



The Secret of the Chest

AS ROBIN HOOD TELLS DICKON, THE POACHER, ABOUT THE MERRY MEN, PRINCE JOHN, THE USURPER, SEETHES WITH RAGE—

DO YOU GUESS THE IDENTITY OF THIS POACHER FELLOW? IF HE ESCAPES ME, IT MAY MEAN MY CROWN AND **YOUR LIFE!**



ORDER OUT MY LANCERS! SUMMON ALL YOUR MEN—AT ARMS TO CATCH HIM!

IT SHALL BE DONE, SIRE!



SOON THE CLANK OF BROAD-SWORD AND ARMOR RINGS THROUGH THE GREENWOOD—



MEANWHILE, IN THE DEPTHS OF SHERWOOD FOREST—

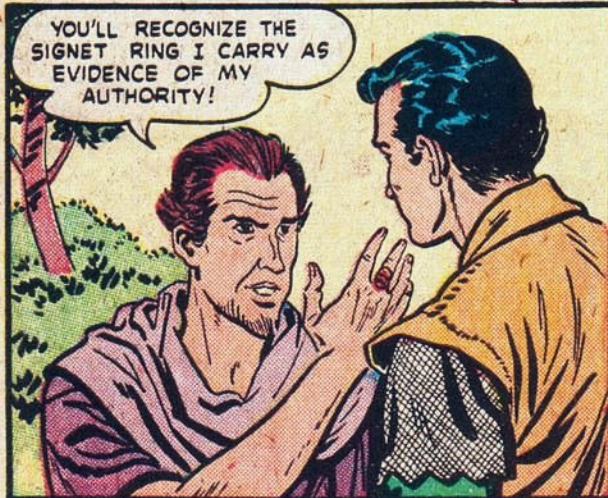
YOU'VE TOLD ME **YOUR** STORY, GOOD ROBIN. NOW I'LL TELL YOU **MINE...**



IN A SECRET PASSAGEWAY OF GLAMORE CASTLE IS A SMALL COFFER. MY DUTY IS TO FIND IT—AND TAKE IT OVERSEAS WITH ME!



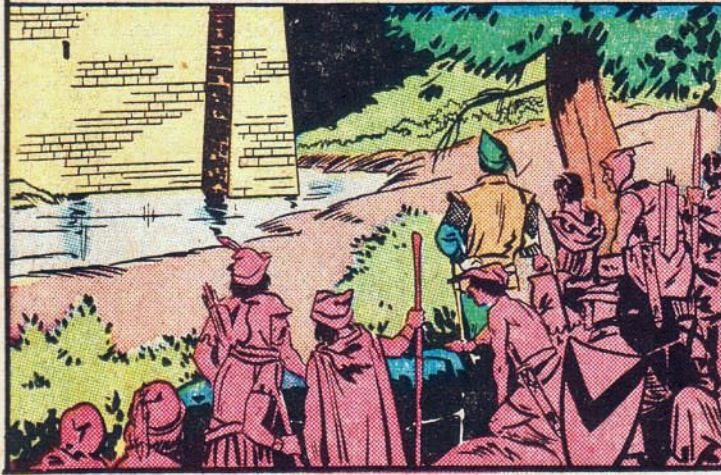
YOU'LL RECOGNIZE THE SIGNET RING I CARRY AS EVIDENCE OF MY AUTHORITY!



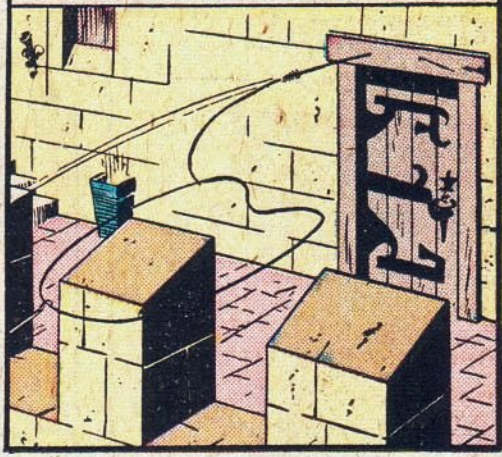
A BLAST OF THE HUNTING HORN BRINGS THE MERRY MEN AT THE RUN—



GLAMORE CASTLE LIES IN THE EARLDOM OF HUNTINGDON. IT BELONGS TO SIR GUI, AND IS WELL GUARDED, DAY AND NIGHT.



AN ARROW FIRED AGAINST A WOODEN LINTEL ALLOWS A KNOTTED LOOP ON A ROPE TO DROP OVER A STONE MERLON.



ROBIN HOOD AND DICKON CLIMB THE WALL —



EMERGING ONTO THE WALL-WALK, THEY STEAL INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE GREAT STONE CASTLE —

THIS WAY LIES THE SECRET PASSAGE, ROBIN!



A HAND PRESSED TO A STONE FLOWER IN THE BEDCHAMBER WALL... A FAINT RUMBLING SOUND... AND A SECTION OF THE WALL ROLLS BACK —



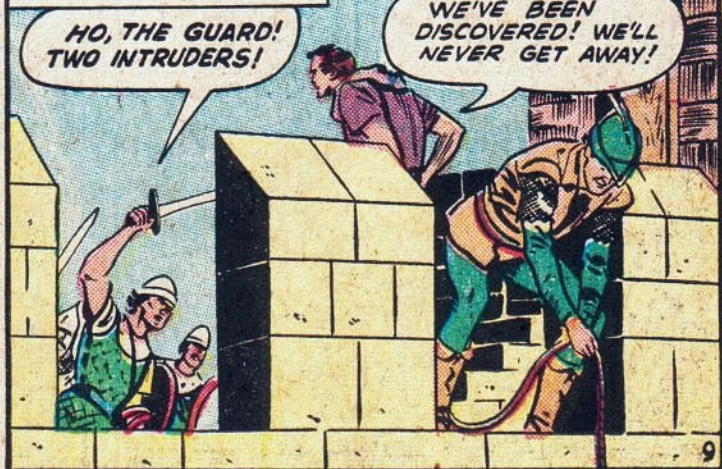
HERE IT IS, ROBIN! UNTOUCHED!



AS THEY LOWER THE COFFER ON A ROPE, A VOICE CRIES OUT HARSHLY —

HO, THE GUARD! TWO INTRUDERS!

WE'VE BEEN DISCOVERED! WE'LL NEVER GET AWAY!



I'VE DROPPED THE COFFER TOWARD THE MOAT. DIVE, DICKON — WHILE I ESSAY TO HOLD OFF SIR GUI'S MEN UNTIL YOU REACH SAFETY!

OVER YOU GO!

FOLLOW ME, ROBIN!

YOU FACE GOOD STEEL NOW, MY LADS — NOT FRIGHTENED VILLAGERS WHOM YOU AND YOUR KIND ROB WHENEVER YOUR MASTER TURNS YOU LOOSE!

AS THE MEN-AT-ARMS GO DOWN BEFORE HIM, ROBIN HOOD WHIRLS AND LEAPS —

THE FLOATING ROPE MARKS WHERE I DROPPED THE CHEST OF GOLD AND JEWELS!

I HAVE IT! NOW INDEED I HAVE SERVED MY KING AS I PROMISED!

TWO DAYS LATER, ON THE SEACOAST OF LINCOLN —

MY THANKS AND THE THANKS OF KING RICHARD ARE YOURS, ROBIN. AS YOU KNOW, I AM REALLY BLONDEL — THE KING'S MINSTREL... AND WITH THIS CHEST OF GOLD AND JEWELS, I CAN RANSOME OUR KING, WHO IS HELD PRISONER IN AUSTRIA.

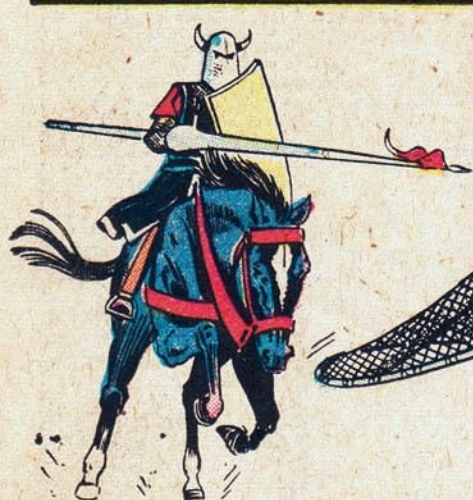
AND SO ROBIN HOOD WATCHES BLONDEL CROSS THE WATER TO THE SHIP THAT WILL CARRY HIM TO THE CONTINENT AND TO AUSTRIA...

BLONDEL WILL RETURN IN DUE TIME WITH HIS MAJESTY, KING RICHARD. UNTIL HE DOES, IT IS MY DUTY AND THE DUTY OF MY MERRY MEN TO FIGHT THE EVIL PRINCE JOHN THE USURPER AND HIS ROBBER NOBLES, FOR THE WELFARE OF ENGLAND...

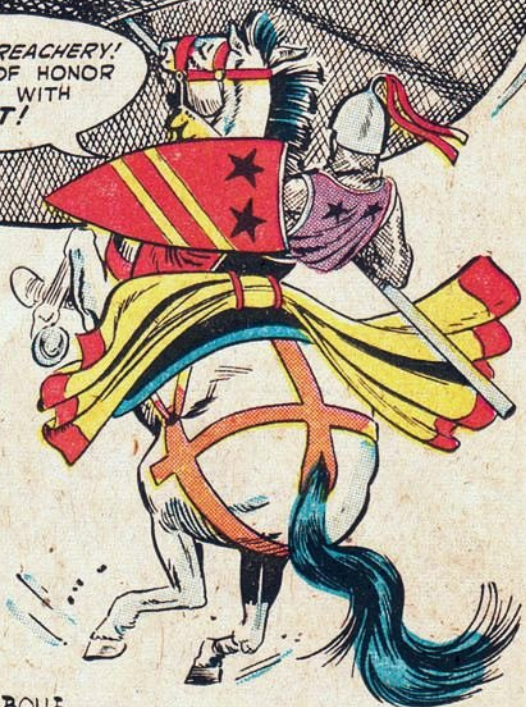
SIR GALANT

of the

Round Table



BLACK TREACHERY!
NO MAN OF HONOR
FIGHTS WITH
A NET!



THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE ARE BY DUTY BOUND TO AID THE WEAK AND HELPLESS, AND GIVE RESCUE TO ALL DAMSELS IN DISTRESS... WHEN YOUNG SIR GALANT OF CORNWALL IS CREATED A KNIGHT, HE FINDS HE IS NO EXCEPTION TO THE RULE! HIS FIRST TASK IS TO SUCCOR THE LADY IDONEA BY SETTING OUT ON —

The Quest of Castle Peril

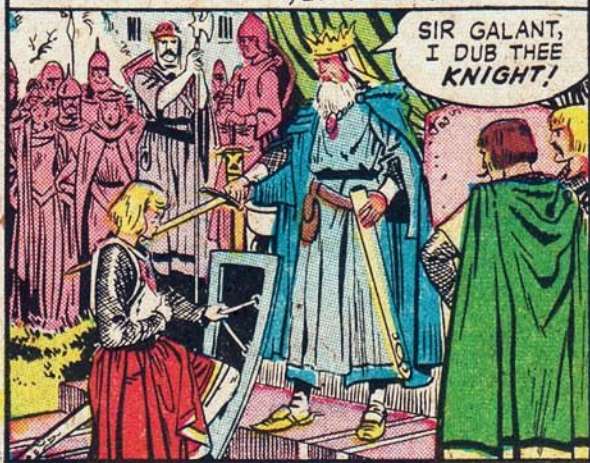
FRANK BOLLE

ALL NIGHT GALANT OF CORNWALL, YOUNG ASPIRANT TO THE ROUND TABLE, HAS KNELT BESIDE HIS NEW GOLDEN SPURS AND GREAT LONGSWORD IN THE CHAPEL AT CAMELOT...



LET ME BE
WORTHY OF THE
HONOR!

IN THE MORNING, KING ARTHUR TOUCHES HIM WITH THE SWORD, EXCALIBUR —



SIR GALANT,
I DUB THEE
KNIGHT!

EVEN AS THE NOBLE ARTHUR SPEAKS THE WORDS THAT MAKE GALANT OF CORNWALL A KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE, A WOMAN CALLS OUT PITEOUSLY—

AID FROM THE ROUND TABLE!
AID FOR CASTLE PERIL!

A ROBBER BARON NAMED **SIR MORDAUNT** HAS IMPRISONED MY FATHER AND BROTHER IN OUR OWN CASTLE THAT HE MAKES HIS OWN!

SIR GALANT—THIS IS YOUR FIRST TASK!

TO RESTORE HER FAMILY CASTLE AND FREE HER FATHER AND BROTHER: THIS IS THE TASK IMPOSED ON THE NEW KNIGHT AS HE RIDES WITH LADY IDONEA FROM CAMELOT—

CASTLE PERIL LIES CLOSE TO CORNWALL.

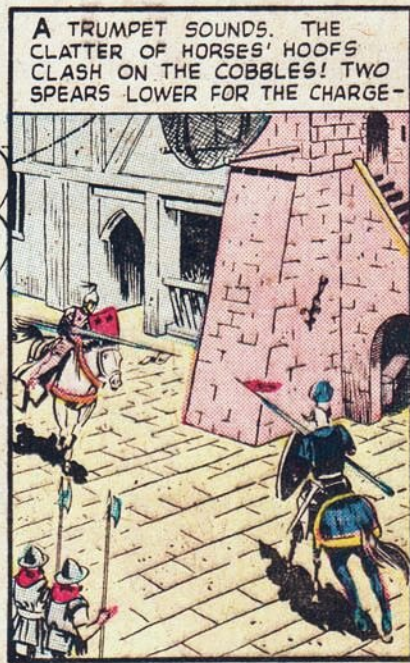
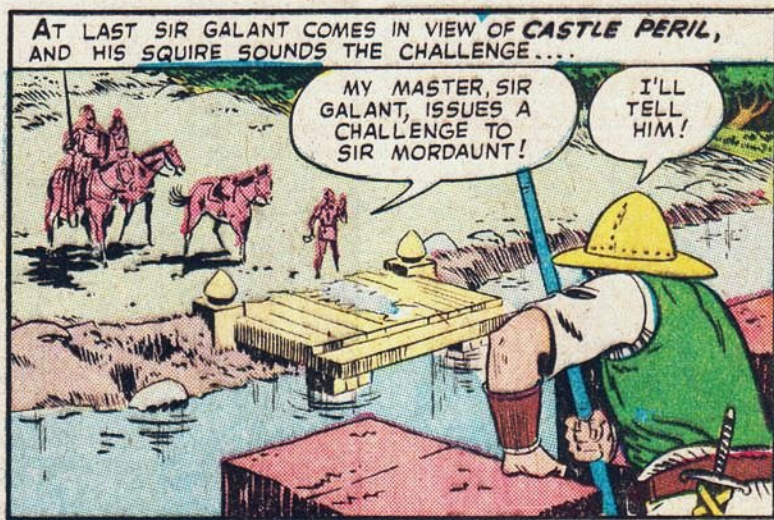
AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO PASS A FORD—

DISPUTE THE PASSAGE WITH ME—OR BE KNOWN AS A KNAVE!

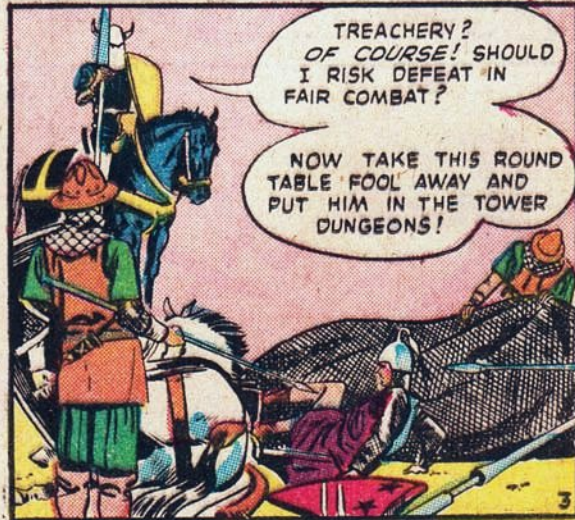
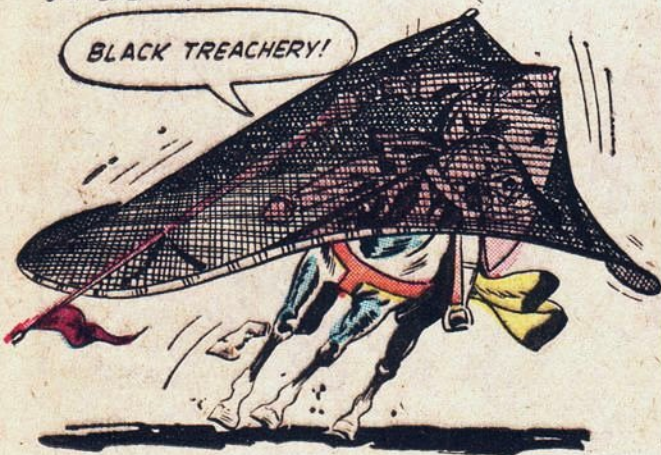
SPURS DIG DEEP! BOTH KNIGHTS HURTLE AT EACH OTHER, WITH THEIR SPEARS LOWERED—

FOR THE HONOR OF THE ROUND TABLE! HAVE AT THEE, RED KNIGHT!

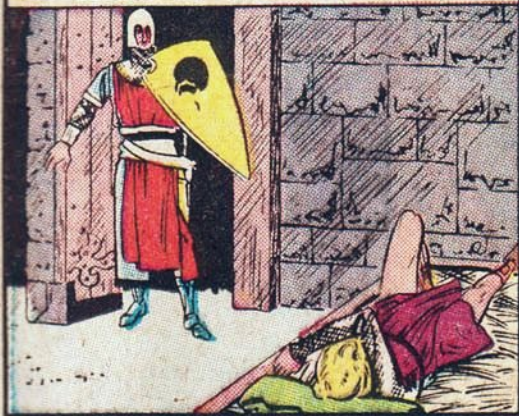
I WIN, SIR KNIGHT! THE FORD'S PASSAGE IS MINE AND THAT OF THE LADY IDONEA!



SUDDENLY A ROPE IS TUGGED! LOOSENED, A HUGE NET DROPS LIKE A SMOTHERING BLANKET ABOUT SIR GALANT!



TIME IS AN ETERNITY BEHIND COLD STONE WALLS. AT LAST SIR GALANT FALLS ASLEEP WHILE SILVER MOONLIGHT FLOODS HIS CELL... AND THEN—



SOME LITTLE SOUND—OR PERHAPS THE SMELL OF DANGER—BRINGS HIM AWAKE TO FACE—



A HURTLING LEAP FELS THE
TRAITOROUS KNIGHT—



A DENSE CLOUD PASSES
BEFORE THE MOON, LEAVING
THE DUNGEON DARK—



FOR MANY MINUTES SIR GALANT
WAITS, BUT WHEN THERE IS NO
SOUND, HE INVESTIGATES AND
FINDS—



THE FIGHT IS BRIEF BUT FURIOUS —

FOR THE HONOR
OF THE ROUND
TABLE! FOR THE
LADY IDONEA!

UNTIL WITH A HEAVY BLOW, THE
RED KNIGHT IS STRETCHED
UNCONSCIOUS....

I'LL TIE YOU
AND LEAVE YOU
HERE. THEN —
WITH THE KEYS
I SEE HANGING
ON YONDER
WALL RACK,
I'LL FIND THE
LADY IDONEA'S
FATHER AND
BROTHER AND
THEIR MEN.

A LOCK GRATES RUSTILY AND
A DOOR CREAKS OPEN —

KING ARTHUR
SENT ME! HAVE
YOU ANY MEN
TO FIGHT FOR
YOU?

GIVE ME
THE KEYS!
I'LL FREE
AND ARM MY
MEN FROM

THE GUARD-
HOUSE WALLS
— THEN WE'LL
TAKE SIR MORDAUNT
AS MUCH BY SUR-
PRISE AS HE TOOK
US!

HARD-EYED FIGHTING
MEN SURGE OUT INTO
THE GREAT HALL....

IN THE NAME OF TRUE
JUSTICE, STRIKE HARD!

ONCE AGAIN, GALANT AND
MORDAUNT COME FACE TO FACE!

FALSE KNIGHT,
WAIT...!

THE STEEL BLADES RING,
RAISING SPARKS! FOR
BREATHLESS MOMENTS, THE
DUEL RAGES!

MORDAUNT DROPS AND LIES
SENSELESS! SIR GALANT HAS
TRUMPHED! FOR THE HONOR OF
THE ROUND TABLE AND THE
GLORY OF KING ARTHUR!

I'LL TAKE HIM AND
HIS BROTHER, THE RED
KNIGHT, TO CAMELOT.
FOR TRIAL AND
PUNISHMENT
BEFORE THE
KING!

THE END

IN THE DAYS OF KNIGHTS

FOR readers who might be interested in knowing how men and women, boys and girls lived in the days of Robin Hood, we are beginning this information center about medieval life . . .

THE HOUSES First, there were the castles, big and made of stone. Here the sons and daughters of the kings and nobles lived. There was usually a moat (a stretch of deep water entirely surrounding the castle), over which was stretched the drawbridge. This drawbridge could be raised and lowered. Crossing the drawbridge, one would find himself in the towering gatehouse which also held the portcullis, a heavy iron grille that could be lowered to keep out enemies in time of war. A large open yard, called a court, a bailey, or a ward, and often flagged or cobbled, was where one dismounted. This courtyard was also used as a practice ground for young esquires and men-at-arms learning how to joust or use a sword and shield. As you can imagine, it was a very large place. Sometimes a castle had more than one of these big yards, and then they would be called an inner and an outer bailey.

The great hall was the most important part of the castle. Here it was that the people ate and lived their social life. A fire burned on stones in the middle of the hall, the smoke rising up to escape out of a louvered window or cupola in the roof. There were no fireplaces in the great hall until the times of Henry VIII. There were fireplaces, however, in the other rooms, for the people of this time depended on fires to keep them warm. Since there were no windows at this time—glass windows were restricted to churches and palaces—large draperies or tapestries were hung over the windows during the wintertime.

Besides the great hall of the castle, there was also the kitchen, where the food was cooked, the pantry where the food was stored and prepared, and the buttery, where—strange as it may seem—was kept the wines and ales and beers that our forefathers drank. The chambers above were called solars. It was here that the large four-poster beds were placed, hung with drapes. The only furniture in the bed chamber was the bed, a few big chests in which to store clothes, and a few straightbacked chairs. A large room adjoining the great hall and below one of the solars, was the wood cellar. There were a number of beds in it where

guests could sleep. Despite its name, it was more like a big dormitory than a place to store wood.

At the castle there would also be a fine chapel, a barracks for the soldiers, and an armory where weapons and armor might be repaired. Then, too, since hawking was of such great interest and necessity in those times, there would be a small place called a mews, where the cages of the falcons and duck-hawks would be hung for their training.

The manor house was a smaller sort of castle, but instead of being built entirely of stone, it was partially timbered. They were built almost always on one main pattern: the great hall in the middle and on each end the woodcellar and solar above it, on the other end the kitchen, pantry and buttery. The solars and kitchen were heated by fireplaces. The great hall was heated by a huge fire in the middle of the hall. Deer antlers, flags of the manor lord and some of his retainers, old armor and shields, were hung on the wainscoted walls for decoration.

Town houses were built of timber. In London, some of these houses were quite fine, for here lived the wealthy guild merchants. They were built with overhangs over the streets. Usually there was a shop on the ground floor, where the owner conducted his business. Above this was the solar, and the hall. Stairs were usually built on the outside of the house. The kitchen could be either behind the business stall on the ground floor, or between the solar (used as a bedroom) and the hall, which served as a living room.

The houses of the poor and the country serfs and villeins who tilled the fields of the manor house were crude, one-room affairs of clay and wattle, with straw or thatched roofs. A stall was connected to this hut where animals such as a cow and a couple of pigs or chickens might be kept. People cooked on the dirt floor and a hole in the roof let out the smoke. (Naturally, where the smoke went out, the rain could come in!) Beds were skins under which were placed piles of grass.

Living in those days was not as easy as it is today!

Continued on a later page

Robin Hood

HERE COMES
ROBIN HOOD
—AND THIS TIME
WE HAVE HIM!
HE CANNOT
ESCAPE!

ROBIN HOOD FINDS HIMSELF
FACING THE DOOM OF DIRE PROPHECY
AND THE EVIL MACHINATIONS OF ROBERT
MURDACH AS HE POLES A PATH THROUGH
THE MARSH WATERS. HIS MEN ARE
PRISONERS. THE MAID MARION HAS
DESERTED HIM —AND HE COMES ALONE
TO DARE THE GRIM THREATS OF —

The Witch of Hangman's Fen

FRANK BOLLE

THE LITTLE MARKET SQUARE IN DONCASTER IS
CROWDED ON THIS FINE SPRING MORNING....

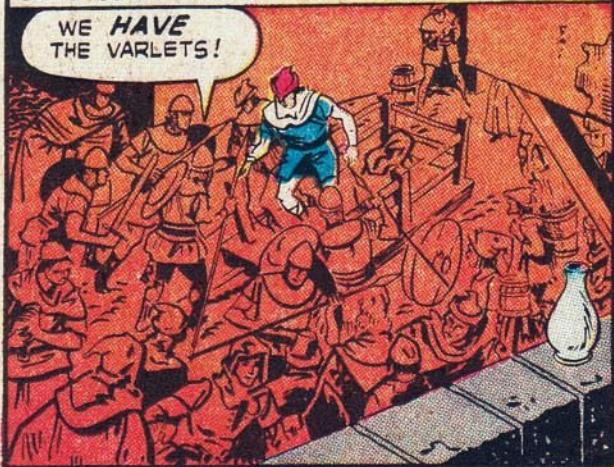
IT'S ONE OF ROBIN
HOOD'S MEN — GIVING
US FOOD!

A VOICE CRIES OUT HARSHLY, SAVAGELY, FROM
THE EDGE OF THE SQUARE —

THERE ARE SOME OF THE KNAVES
NOW! TAKE THEM PRISONER AND
EARN A REWARD FROM ROBERT MURDACH!

HANDS REACH UPWARD—AND THE *MERRY MEN* COME DOWN OUT OF THEIR WAGONS....

WE **HAVE** THE VARLETS!



WHAT WILL ROBIN DO WHEN HE LEARNS WHAT HAPPENED?

WHAT **CAN** HE DO? HE ISN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO ATTACK NOTTINGHAM CITADEL AND RESCUE US!



WORD OF THE ARREST IS BROUGHT INTO SHERWOOD FOREST.

I RAN ALL THE WAY WITH THE NEWS, ROBIN! WHAT SHALL WE DO?

I DON'T KNOW. WE CAN'T ATTACK, BUT WE CAN'T LET MURDACH HAVE HIS WAY WITH OUR FRIENDS! I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE FULL OF THE MOON, THE WITCH OF HANG-MAN'S FEN, IS MAKING A PROPHECY....

DOOM TO ROBIN HOOD! DREAD DOOM AND DIRE HAPPENINGS—UNLESS HE COMES TO SEE ME AT MOONRISE TOMORROW EVENING!



TEE-HEE! NOW TO PAY ROBERT MURDACH O' NOTTINGHAM A VISIT! WHAT WILL HE SAY WHEN HE HEARS MY OFFER, EH?



IN THE GREAT HALL OF NOTTINGHAM CITADEL....

WHAT'S THIS, OLD WOMAN? ROBIN HOOD WILL COME TO SEE YOU IN THE FENS?

AYE, LORD. HE WILL COME. AND HE'LL COME ALONE!



GOOD DAME! HERE'S A PURSE OF SILVER PIECES. I'LL BE IN THE FENS MYSELF WITH MY MEN TOMORROW NIGHT AT MOONRISE! TO TRAP HIM!



ALL NEXT DAY, ROBIN HOOD PONDERES....

SHALL I GO TO THE FEN? OR IGNORE THIS OLD WITCH?

MARIAN? WHERE'S MAID MARIAN? AND LITTLE JOHN? HAVE THEY ALL DESERTED ME WHEN I NEED THEM MOST? AND WHERE IS FRAIR TUCK?

GONE, GOOD ROBIN! ALL RUN AWAY INTO THE FORESTS, I GUESS!

AT SUNSET —

THEN I'LL GO ALONE INTO THE FEN. THAT WITCH DOESN'T FRIGHTEN ME!

ONLY THE LOW GURGLE OF THE MARSHWATER IS HEARD AS ROBIN HOOD POLES HIS BOAT DEEP INTO THE BARREN FENS...

THIS IS AN EVIL PLACE. I WISH LITTLE JOHN WERE WITH ME...OR THE GOOD FRIAR TUCK!

AHEAD OF HIM —

SEE, LORD? HE COMES INTO YOUR HANDS!

OH, LUCKY DAY! PRINCE JOHN WILL REWARD ME WELL FOR THIS!

TAKE HIM, MEN! A DOZEN SILVER COINS TO THE ONE WHO FIRST LAYS HANDS ON ROBIN HOOD!

PIKES AND BILLS LIFT. BOWS ARE STRUNG WITH ARROWS. ALL AROUND ROBIN HOOD, THE TRAP SPRINGS SHUT!

ROBIN HOOD! SURRENDER!

AS HARSH CRIES RING OUT OVER THE WATER—HIDDEN MEN RISE UP INTO VIEW AMONG THE UNDERBRUSH—

THE TABLES ARE TURNED, ROBERT MURDACH!

IT'S YOU WHO HAS STEPPED INTO THE TRAP!



THE GIANT FIGURE OF LITTLE JOHN LEAPS FROM COVER—

SURRENDER YOURSELF, EVIL HENCHMAN OF THE EVIL PRINCE JOHN, WHO USURPS KING RICHARD'S THRONE!



NO! NO! DON'T HARM ME! I YIELD! I YIELD!



WE YIELD, AS WELL!

OUR WEAPONS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE BOWS AND ARROWS OF THE MERRY MEN!



HOLD MURDACH AND HIS MEN PRISONERS. WE'LL EXCHANGE THEM FOR OUR LADS WHO WERE CAPTURED IN DONCASTER MARKET SQUARE.



NOW FOR YOU, WITCH! WHAT PROPHECY OF DOOM HAVE YOU TO MAKE TO ME?

NO PROPHECY, ROBIN HOOD. I SAID THAT ONLY TO LURE YOU AND ROBERT MURDACH HERE INTO THE FEN—AND HAD LITTLE JOHN AND YOUR MERRY MEN HERE TO MAKE HIM PRISONER!



MAID MARION! AND I THOUGHT YOU'D DESERTED ME!

I CHOSE THIS WAY TO HELP YOU! YOU'D HAVE ATTACKED NOTTINGHAM CITADEL TO RESCUE OUR COMRADES. THIS WAY WE RESCUED THEM WITH NO HARM TO ANYONE!



THE END

THEIR MONEY In the time of Charlemagne (768-814) the people of France used a silver coin called a *denier*. This coin lasted for several centuries, until the silver *gros tournois* of King Louis XIV (1226-1270). There was also a smaller coin called an *écu* in use.

In England, they used the silver penny during the Saxon-Norman days. Coins are still in existence (in collections, of course) that bear the faces of Alfred the Great, Aethelred the Unready, and Harold II stamped on them. When William the Conqueror defeated this Harold at Hastings (1066) he had coins minted that showed his own face. This was called the silver penny also. In the year 1833, a great hoard of these silver pennies minted by the Conqueror were unearthed. Other English coins of these times were the silver groat, the halfpenny and the farthing.

During the years between 1100 and 1200 and for some time after that, this penny piece was known as the *sterlingus*. From this we derive our term for silver of quality. You have all heard of sterling silver, I am sure!

The gold coin of England was called a *noble*. Edward III (1327-1377) was very interested in coinage. He caused this noble to be created to mark his military victories. This gold noble lasted well into Tudor times.

In discussing the coinage of Europe, we must always keep in mind the fact that all civilized Europe belonged once to the Roman Empire. The Romans had a splendid system of coinage, and it was on this that all later systems were based. When Rome fell (410) to the barbarians, the Dark Ages began, that were to last six hundred years. During this time only the old Roman coins were used, or whatever coins some great lord might stamp out for his own use. Most business in this time was done by bartering, or by belts of silver or gold crudely fastened together.

Many great noblemen, even well into the fifteenth century, could mint their own coins. This must have made it very hard on the economy of a country!

When the Crusaders fought in the Holy Land they used a coin called a *saracenate*. The Germans in medieval days used a silved piece called a *denarius* (after the Roman coin of that name), and a gold coin called an *augustale*. Italy was known for its *ducats*, silver *grossos*, gold *florins*, and silver *testones*.

Most all countries used copper coins for daily living. These were known as *sols*.

TROUBADOURS AND MINSTRELS

The troubadours and minstrels were wandering players of the harp and viol, flute and bagpipe, whose songs provided the entertainment at castle and manor house, in town and countryside. Most of their songs were ballads, in which they told the deeds of great daring of past heroes, such as Roland of France and King Arthur of England and his Round Table, or of Sigfried and Sigurd of Germany, the Cid of Spain and other fabulous figures.

It was through the troubadours and minstrels that these old stories were kept alive until they could be written down into the illuminated manuscripts of those days (called psalters) and so find their way into the books of our own times. Each king or great nobleman had his own minstrel who recorded his gallant deeds and sang of them during the cold winter nights. It was a minstrel—Blondel—who rescued King Richard of the Lion-heart from Austria. Another minstrel, Rahere, grew so rich that he founded a hospital. One famous minstrel who lived in the thirteenth century was Adam de la Hale. He is credited with having created the first opera!

TRAVELING The old Roman roads that bisected the empire from Arabia to Britain were allowed to die out during the Dark Ages. Instead of fine, paved roads, there were only dirt highways and narrow bridlepaths connecting towns and cities.

In England, some of these roads like Watling Street and Icknield Way were kept in repair. In later medieval times, men were forced to give one or two days of their week to service on these and other highways.

Most travel was done on horseback. The ladies rode sidesaddle, on gentle horses called palfries. There were big wagons, some of them so large they needed eight wheels; for the moving of furniture and other necessities of life, when the Court went from one castle to another. One strange sort of wagon was the hammock cart, with a hammock strung between two uprights and mounted on a wheeled platform. There was also the litter, carried by slaves or servants, or strung between two horses. And there was the indispensable cart, with its two wheels and fenced sides, in which the farmer and the tradesman brought his goods to market.

Robin Hood

YOU'LL NEVER GET MY PRISONER FROM ME!

THE RIGHT OF TRIAL BY COMBAT SHALL DECIDE, SIR GUI!

WHEN THE EVIL SIR GUI OF GLAMORE ATTACKS A LOYAL SUBJECT OF KING RICHARD, IT IS THE SIGNAL FOR ROBIN HOOD — WHO IS ACTUALLY THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON ON SECRET DUTY IN ENGLAND, AT THE REQUEST OF THE KING, TO GO INTO ACTION! WITH HIS MERRY MEN, HE RALLIES AROUND THE VICTIMS OF SIR GUI.... AND, AS GRIM DANGER THREATENS, HE TAKES THE ONLY COURSE OPEN TO HIM: THAT OF —

Trial by Combat

FRANK BOLLE

A FLAMING FIREBALL HURTLES HIGH ABOVE THE WALLS OF BALLION CASTLE!

IT WILL LAND ON A THATCHED ROOF AND START A FIRE!



A BATTERING RAM SMASHES IN THE GREAT GATE —

TWO MORE HEAVES, AND THE HINGES WILL BREAK OFF! THEN BALLION CASTLE IS OURS!



AS THE GATES GO DOWN, SIR GUI'S MEN RUSH THROUGH THE BREACH—

NO QUARTER!

SHOW NO QUARTER!

PRESSED BACKWARD, YOUNG SIR JEHAN OF BALLION FINDS HIMSELF WITH HIS SPINE AGAINST A WALL MERLON—

COME ON, YOU VARLETS! I ONLY WISH IT WERE THE EVIL SIR GUI HIMSELF THAT I WERE FACING NOW!

ONE SIDE, EVERYONE! I'LL FINISH HIM OFF FOR SIR GUI!

SUDDENLY—

AN ARROW SMOTE IT FROM MY FINGERS!

AYE! AND THE ARCHER HIMSELF IS HERE TO ADD HIS SWORD TO THE DEFENSE OF CASTLE BALLION!

BACK, SIR JEHAN! —TO THE TOWER GUARDROOM!

THIS DOOR WILL HOLD THEM LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO GO DOWN THE SECRET PASSAGEWAY TO THE POSTERN GATE. WE CAN'T HOPE FOR VICTORY, BUT I **MUST** GET YOU AWAY ALIVE...!

A MOMENT LATER, ROBIN HOOD AND SIR JEHAN ARE DESCENDING A NARROW, WINDING PASSAGEWAY —

I HAD WORD OF WHAT SIR GUI PLANNED. I CAME TO BALLION CASTLE DISGUISED AS A MILLER, TO WARN YOU. BUT I ARRIVED TOO LATE!



OUR RIGHTFUL SOVEREIGN, KING RICHARD, PLACED A DUTY ON ME TO HELP HIS PEOPLE AGAINST THE USURPER, PRINCE JOHN, AND HIS EVIL HENCHMEN. SIR GUI IS ONE OF THEM... WELL, AT LEAST YOU'RE SAFE, AND YOU'LL CONTINUE TO BE SAFE IN SHERWOOD FOREST!



AT THAT MOMENT, SOME MILES AWAY, A CRUSADER KNIGHT IS PACING SLOWLY HOMEWARD —

SOON I WILL BE HOME, AND SHARING A MEAL WITH MY BROTHER!



HAIL, BALLION CASTLE! TELL SIR JEHAN THAT HIS BROTHER, SIR HUGH, IS COME HOME FROM THE HOLY WARS!



THE EVIL SIR GUI SMILES CRUELLY—

LET THE CRUSADER KNIGHT INTO THE CASTLE. THEN CAST HIM INTO THE DUNGEON! SIR JEHAN ESCAPED, BUT HIS BROTHER SHALL NOT!



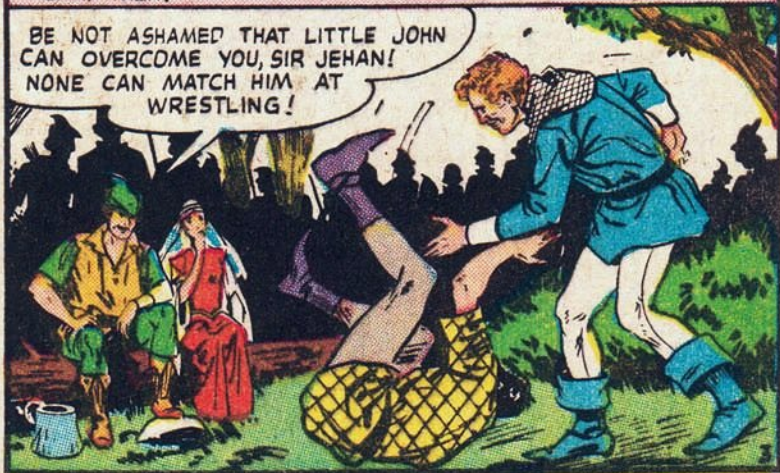
SIR HUGH IS CHAINED TO THE DUNGEON WALLS....

SIR GUI IN POWER? THEN WHERE IS JEHAN? AND — WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ME?



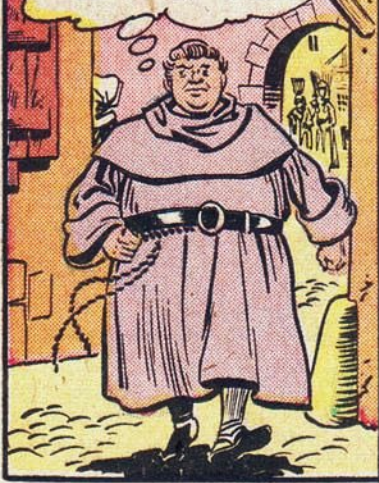
MEANWHILE, SIR JEHAN FROLICS WITH ROBIN HOOD AND THE MERRY MEN!

BE NOT ASHAMED THAT LITTLE JOHN CAN OVERCOME YOU, SIR JEHAN! NONE CAN MATCH HIM AT WRESTLING!



TWO DAYS LATER, A FRIAR VISITS BALLION CASTLE...

GOSSIP TELLS ME SIR HUGH IS A PRISONER IN THE CASTLE DUNGEONS! ROBIN HOOD MUST LEARN OF THIS!



FINE WORK, FRIAR TUCK. IF SIR GUI PLANS TO EXECUTE SIR HUGH FOR WHAT HE TERMS "TREACHERY" —WE'LL HAVE TO STOP HIM!

HOW?



WE ARE NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO ATTACK THE CASTLE!

SIR GUI KEEPS MANY MEN-AT-ARMS IN HIS SERVICE!

THERE IS NO WAY TO RESCUE HIM!



HAVE YOU ALL FORGOTTEN THAT I AM THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON? I SHALL CHALLENGE SIR GUI'S DECREE BY TRIAL BY COMBAT! IT IS MY LEGAL RIGHT, AND HE IS BOUND TO MEET ME!



SIR GUI WILL REFUSE TO MEET YOU! HE IS AN EVIL MAN WHO DOES NOT OBEY ANY LAWS BUT HIS OWN!

HE WILL NOT REFUSE. I WILL ARRANGE MATTERS SO THAT HE WILL BE HAPPY TO ACCEPT ANY CHALLENGE!



NEXT DAY, SIR GUI HOLDS A TOURNAMENT TO CELEBRATE HIS VICTORY AT BALLION CASTLE...

I SHALL BE IN MY TENT IF ANY COME TO SEE ME!

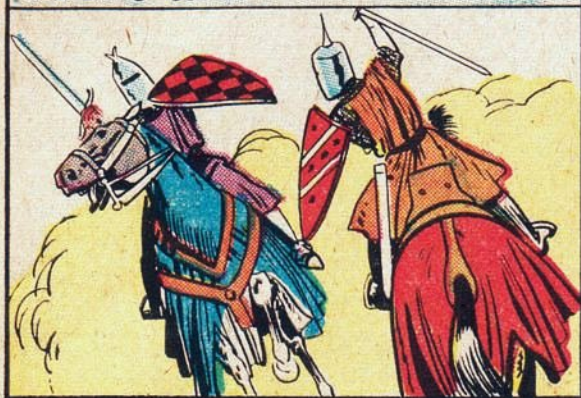


FROM FAR AND NEAR, THE PEOPLE COME, AMONG THEM A HUSKY MILLER, COVERED WITH DUST...

SIR GUI IS ALL ALONE, BUT FOR HIS PAGE! THIS WOULD BE AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO PAY HIM A VISIT!



THE JOUSTS GET UNDER WAY. SOON THE CLANG OF SWORD ON SHIELD IS HEARD. IT MAKES A DEAFENING SOUND—



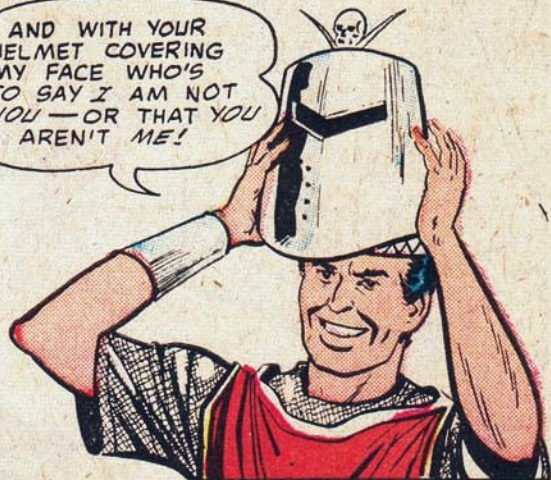
IT DROWNS OUT THE SOUND SIR GUI MAKES WHEN A DUSTY MILLER INVADERS HIS TENT—



MY NAME IS WILL SCARLET, SIR GUI. UNFORTUNATELY, YOU AND I MUST TRADE CLOTHING FOR THE NONCE! SINCE WE'RE THE SAME BUILD, I'LL TAKE YOUR PLACE WHEN ROBIN HOOD COMES TO CHALLENGE YOU....



AND WITH YOUR HELMET COVERING MY FACE WHO'S TO SAY I AM NOT YOU—OR THAT YOU AREN'T ME!



A TRUMPET BLOWS THE CHALLENGE.

A CHALLENGE TO SIR GUI!

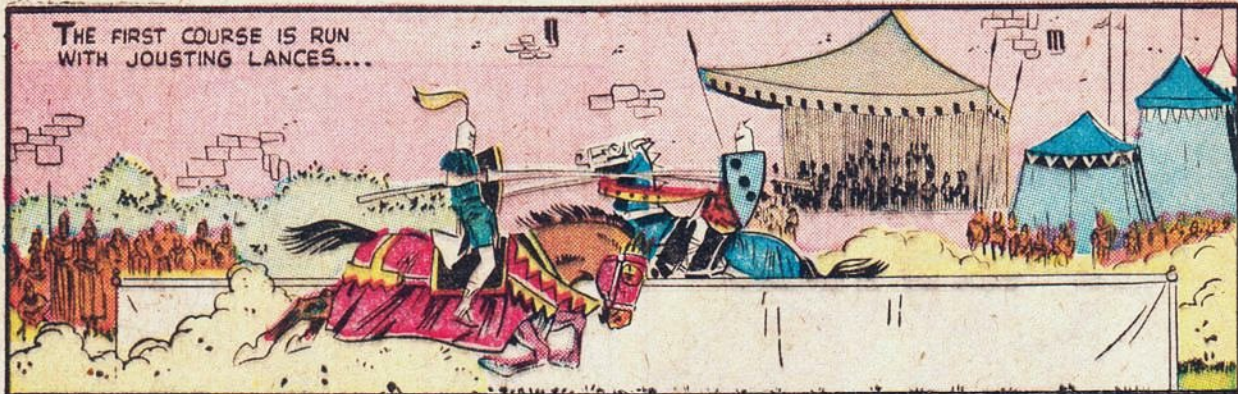
COME FORTH AND DO BATTLE BY COMBAT! I DISPUTE YOUR RIGHT TO KEEP SIR HUGH A PRISONER! LET THE ISSUE BE SETTLED BETWEEN US BY RIGHT OF COMBAT!



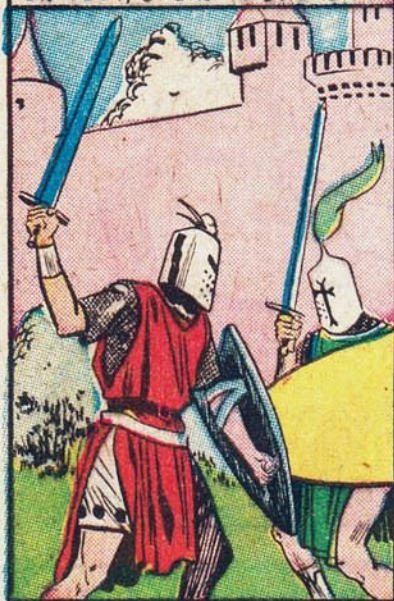
I HEAR YOUR CHALLENGE AND ACCEPT IT!



THE FIRST COURSE IS RUN
WITH JOUSTING LANCES....



THE SECOND COURSE IS FOUGHT
ON FOOT, SWORD TO SWORD....



SO EVENLY MATCHED ARE ROBIN
HOOD AND "SIR GUI" THAT NEITHER
CAN WIN OUT OVER THE OTHER....



THE EYES OF EVERYONE IN THE
CASTLE ARE DRAWN TO THE
COMBAT—SO THAT NO ONE
SEES THE TWO MEN WHO ENTER
THE POSTERN GATE—

THEY'RE ALL ON
THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE CASTLE!
THIS IS THE
TIME TO ACT!

AYE!
JUST AS
ROBIN
HOOD
PLANNED!



WHO IS IT?

SIR
JEHAN—
YOUR
BROTHER!



LET US FIND
SIR GUI, AND
HAVE THIS OUT
BETWEEN US!

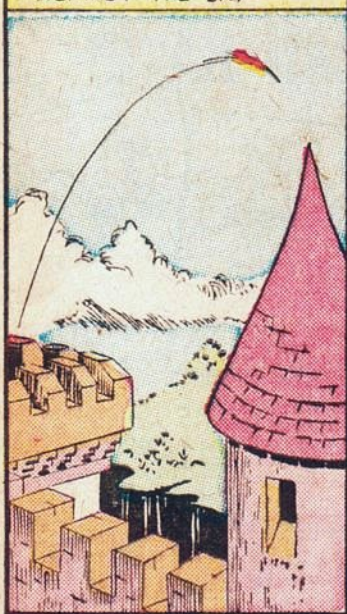
NO, HUGH.
THAT'S NOT
ROBIN
HOOD'S
WAY!



ROBIN HOOD BEARS THE
AUTHORITY OF KING RICHARD.
HIS DUTY IS TO HELP THE
OPPRESSED AND TO TESTIFY
AGAINST EVILDOERS WHEN
THE KING RETURNS. WE WILL
HELP HIM—AS HE HELPED
US! AND WHEN KING RICHARD
RETURNS FROM THE HOLY
WARS, HE WILL RETURN
BALLION CASTLE TO US!

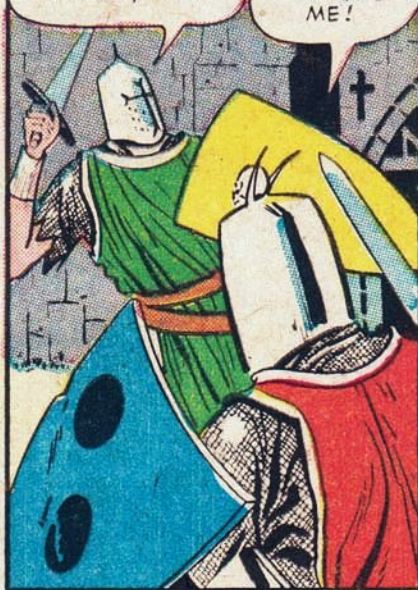


A THROWN TORCH ARCHES
AGAINST THE SKY —



THERE! JEHAN
HAS SENT THE
SIGNAL, WILL!

LAY ON,
THEN — AND
"VANQUISH"
ME!



HARD BLOWS DRIVE "SIR GUI"
TO HIS KNEES...

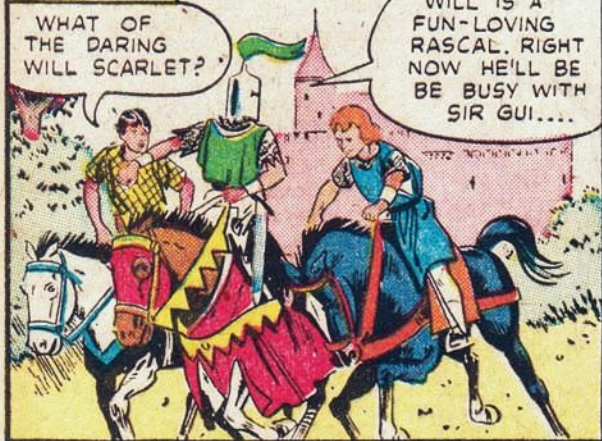
I YIELD!
I YIELD!
SIR HUGH
IS A FREE
MAN FROM
THIS MOMENT
ON!



SIDE BY SIDE, ROBIN HOOD, SIR JEHAN AND
SIR HUGH RIDE OFF TOWARD SHERWOOD
FOREST —

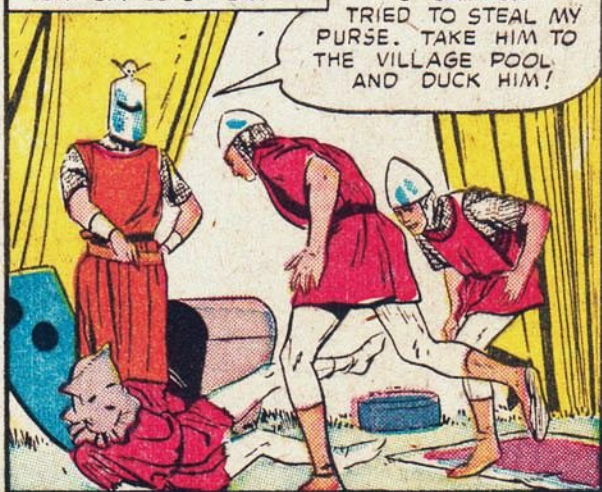
WHAT OF
THE DARING
WILL SCARLET?

WILL IS A
FUN-LOVING
RASCAL. RIGHT
NOW HE'LL BE
BE BUSY WITH
SIR GUI....



IN SIR GUI'S TENT —

THIS CARRION
TRIED TO STEAL MY
PURSE. TAKE HIM TO
THE VILLAGE POOL
AND DUCK HIM!



THEY'LL RECOGNIZE HIM AFTER
A WHILE AND SET HIM FREE!
BUT UNTIL THEN — SIR GUI WILL
RUE THE DAY HE EVER
RAIDED BALLION CASTLE!



WILL SCARLET IS RIGHT. DUCKED A DOZEN TIMES,
SIR GUI ALMOST SWEARS OFF BEING EVIL. HOW-
EVER, HIS MEN RECOGNIZE HIM IN TIME. INSTEAD —

I'LL NOT REST UNTIL
ROBIN HOOD AND
WILL SCARLET ARE
GETTING DUCKED AS
I AM!



THE END

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